

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—Shakespeare.

VOL. I.

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THE OBSERVER

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POETRY.

NIGHT.

From Asa Barton's "Forget me not."

Night is the time for rest;
The quiet when the day is o'er,
The calm when all is still,
The calm of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon a crown of downy bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
The truth that is and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by day-light are.

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
To find the buried spoil
In earthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that ages taught,
The poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
These graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that angels were in birth,
But perish young, like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiads, or to catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All that we loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours mispent;
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus midst his slumbering host
Startled by Caesar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Desires without the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine.

DESULTORY.

From "The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

THE LOVER'S LAST VISIT.

The window of the lonely cottage of Hill-top was beaming far above the highest birch-wood, seeming to travellers at a distance in the long valley below, who knew it not, to be a star in the sky. A bright fire was in the kitchen of that small tenement; the floor was washed, swept and sanded, and not a footstep had marked its perfect neatness; a small table was covered near the ingle, with a snow-white cloth, on which was placed a frugal evening meal; and in happy, but pensive mood sat there all alone the Woodcutter's only daughter, a comely and gentle creature, if not beautiful; such an one as diffuses pleasure round her in the hay field, and serenity over the seat in which she sits attentively on the Sabbath, listening to the word of God, or joining with mellow voice in his praise and worship. On this night she expected a visit from her lover that they had fixed the marriage day; and her parents, died happy that their child was about to be wedded to a respectable shepherd, had gone to pay a visit to their nearest neighbor in the glen.

A feeble and hesitating knock was at the door, not like the glad and joyful touch of a lover's hand; and cautiously opening it, Mary Robinson beheld a female figure wrapped up in a cloak, with her face concealed in a black bonnet. The stranger, whoever she might be, seemed weary and worn out, and her feet bore witness to a long day's travel across the moor-y mountains. Although she could scarcely help considering her an unwelcome visitor at such an hour, yet Mary had too much sweetness of disposition—too much humanity, not to request her to step forward into the hut; for it seemed as if the weary woman had lost her way, and had come towards the shining window to be brought upon her journey to the low country.

The stranger took off her bonnet on reaching the fire; and Mary Robinson beheld the face of one whom, in youth, she had tenderly loved; although for some years past, the distance at which they lived from each other had kept them from meeting, and only a letter or two, written in their simple way, had given them a few glimpses of each other's existence. And now Mary had opportunity, in the first speechless gaze of recognition, to mark the altered face of her friend—and her heart was touched with an ignorant compassion. "For mercy's sake," said Mary, "and tell me what evil has befallen you; for you are as white as a ghost. Fear not to confide anything to my bosom: we have been friends together on the lonesome heath—we have stripped the bark together in the more lonesome woods; we have played, laughed, sung, danced together—we have talked merrily and gaily, but innocently enough surely of sweethearts together;—and Sarah, graver thoughts, too, have we shared, for, when your poor brother died away like a frost-dew, I wept as if I had lost my sister; nor can I ever be so happy in this world as to forget him. Tell me, my friend, why are you here? and why is your sweet face so ghastly?"

The heart of this unexpected visitor died within her at these kind and affectionate inquiries. For she had come on an errand that was like to dash the joy from that happy countenance. Her heart upbraid her with the meanness of the purpose for which she had paid this visit; but that was only a passing thought; for was she innocent and free from sin, to submit, not only to desertion, but to disgrace, and not trust herself and her wrongs, and her hopes of redress to her whom she loved as a sister, and whose generous nature she well knew, not even love, the changer of so many things, could change utterly; though, indeed, it might render it colder than of old to the anguish of a female friend?

"O! Mary, I must speak, yet must my words make you grieve, far less for me than for yourself. Wretch that I am—I bring evil tidings into the dwelling of my dearest friend! These ribbons—they are worn for his sake—they become well, as he thinks, the auburn of your bonny hair;—that blue gown is worn to-night because he likes it; but, Mary, will you curse me to my face, when I declare before the God that made us, that that man is pledged unto me by all that is sacred—between mortal creatures; and that I have in my bosom written promises and oaths of love from him who, I was this morning told, is in a few days to be thy husband. Turn me out of the hut now if you choose, and let me, if you choose, die of hunger and fatigue, in the woods where we have so often walked together; for such death would be mercy to me, in comparison with your marriage with him who is mine forever, if there be a God who hears the oaths of the creatures he has made."

Mary Robinson had led a happy life, but a life of quiet thoughts, tranquil hopes, and meek desires. Tenderly and truly did she love the man to whom she was now betrothed; but it was because she had thought him gentle, manly, upright, sincere, and one that feared God. His character was unimpeached, to her his behavior had always been fond, affectionate, and respectful; that he was a fine looking man, and could show himself among the best of the country round at church, and market, and fair-day, she saw and felt with pleasure and with pride. But in the heart of this poor, humble, contented, and pious girl, love was not a violent passion, but an affection sweet and profound. She looked forward to her marriage with joyful solicitude, knowing that she would have to toil for her family, if blessed with children; but happy in the thought of keeping her husband's house clean—of preparing his frugal meals, and welcoming him when wearied at night to her faithful, and affectionate, and grateful bosom.

At first perhaps, a slight flush of anger towards Sarah tinged her cheek; then followed in quick succession, or all blended together in one sickening pang, fear, disappointment, the sense of wrong, and the cruel pain of misesteeming and despising one on whom her heart had rested with all its best and purest affections. But though there was a keen struggle between many feelings in her heart, her resolution was formed during that very conflict; and she said within her self, "If it be even so, neither will I be so unjust as to deprive poor Sarah of the man who ought to marry her, nor will I be so mean and low spirited, poor as I am, and dear as he has been unto me, as to become his wife."

While these thoughts were calmly passing in the soul of this magnanimous girl, all her former affection for Sarah revived; and as she sighed for herself, she wept aloud for her friend. "Be quiet, be quiet, Sarah, and sob not so as if your heart were breaking. It need not be thus with you. Oh! sob not so! You surely have not walked in this one day from the heart of the parish of Montreath!" "I have indeed done so, and I am as weak as the wretched man. God knows, little matter if I should die away; for, after all I fear I will never think of me for his wife, and you, Mary, will lose a husband with whom you

would have been happy. I feel, after all, that I must appear a mean wretch in your eyes."

There was silence between them; and Mary Robinson, looking at the clock, saw that it wanted only about a quarter of an hour from the time of tryst. "Give me the oaths and promises you mentioned out of your bosom, Sarah, that I may show them to Gabriel when he comes. And once more I promise, by all the sunny and the snowy days we have sat together, in the same plaid on the hill side, or in the lonesome charcoal plots and nets o' green in the woods, that if my Gabriel?—did I say my Gabriel?—has forsaken you and deceived me thus, never shall his lips touch mine again—never shall he put ring on my finger—never shall this head lie in his bosom—no, never; notwithstanding all the happy, too happy, days I have been with him near or at distance—on the corn rig—among the meadow, say—in the singing-school—at harvest home—in this room, and in God's own house. So help me, but I will keep this vow."

Poor Sarah told, in a few hurried words, the story of her love and desertion—how Gabriel, whose business as a shepherd often took him into Montreath parish, had wooed her, and fixed every thing about their marriage, nearly a year ago. But that he had become causelessly jealous of a young man whom she scarcely knew; had accused her of want of virtue, and for many months had never once come to see her. "This morning for the first time I heard, for a certainty, from one who knew Gabriel well, and all his concerns, that the banns had been proclaimed in the church between him and you; and that, in a day or two you were to be married. And though I felt drowning, I determined to make a struggle for my life—for Oh! Mary, Mary, my heart is not like your heart; it wants your wisdom, your meekness, your piety; and if I am to lose Gabriel, will I destroy my miserable life, and face the wrath of God sitting in judgment upon sinners?"

At this burst of passion, Sarah hid her face with her hands, as if sensible that she had committed blasphemy. Mary seeing her wearied, hungry, thirsty, and feverish, spoke to her in the most soothing manner; led her into the little parlour called the Spence, then removed into it the table, with the oaten cakes, butter and milk; and telling her to take some refreshment, and then lie down on the bed, but on no account to leave the room till called for, gave her a sisterly kiss, and left her. In a few minutes the outer-door opened, and Gabriel entered.

The lover said, "How is my sweet Mary?" with a beaming countenance; and gently drawing her to his bosom, he kissed her cheek. Mary did not—could not—wished not—at once to release herself from his enfolding arms. Gabriel had always treated her as the woman who was to be his wife; and though at this time her heart knew its own bitterness, yet she repelled not endearments that were so lately, delightful, and suffered him to take her almost in his arms to their accustomed seat. He held her hand in his, and began to speak in his usual kind and affectionate language. Kind and affectionate it was, for though he ought not to have done so, he loved her, as he thought better than his life, her heart could not in one small short hour forget a whole year of bliss. She could not yet fling away with her own hand what, only a few minutes ago, seemed the hope of paradise. Her soul sickened within her, and she wished that she were dead, or never had been born.

"Oh Gabriel! Gabriel! well indeed have I loved you; nor will I say, after all that has passed between us, that you are not deserving, after all of a better love than mine.—Vain were it to deny my love either to you, or to my own soul. But look me in the face—be not wrathful—think not to hide the truth, either from yourself or me, for that now is impossible—tell me solemnly, as you shall answer to God at the judgment day, if you know any reason why I must not be your wedded wife? She kept her mild moist eyes fixed upon him; but he hung down his head, and uttered not a word, for he was guilty before her, before his own soul, and before God.

"Gabriel, never could we have been happy; for you often, often told me, that all the secrets of your heart were known unto me, yet never did you tell me this. How could you desert the poor innocent creature that loved you; and how could you use me so, who loved you perhaps as well as she, but whose heart God will teach, not to forget you, for that I may never do, but to think on you with that friendship and affection which innocently I can bestow upon you, when you are Sarah's husband. For, Gabriel, I have this night sworn, not in anger or passion—no, no—but in sorrow and pity for another's wrongs—in sorrow also, deny it I will not, for my own, to look on you from this hour, as on one whose life is to be led apart from my life, and whose love must never more meet with my love. Speak not unto me, look not on me with beseeching eyes. Duty and religion forbid us to be man and wife. But you know there is one, beside me, whom you loved before you loved me, and, therefore, it may be better too; and that she loves you, and is faithful, as if God had made you one, I say without fear, I who have known her since she was a child, although fatally for the peace of us both, we have long lived apart. Sarah is in the house, and I will bring her to you in tears, but not tears of peni-

tence, for she is as innocent of that sin as I am who now speak."

Mary went into the little parlour, and led Sarah forward in her hand. Despairing as she had been, yet when she had heard from poor Mary's voice speaking so fervently, that Gabriel had come, and that her friend was interceding in her behalf—the poor girl had arranged her hair in a small looking-glass—tied it up with a ribbon which Gabriel had given her, and put into the breast of her gown a little gift brooch that contained locks of their blended hair. Pale but beautiful—for Sarah Pringle was the fairest girl in all the country—she advanced with a flush on that paleness of reviving hope, injured pride, and love that was ready to forgive all and forget all, so that once again she could be restored to the place in his heart that she had lost. "What have I ever done, Gabriel that you should fling me from you? May my soul never live by the atonement of my Saviour, if I am not innocent of that sin, yea of all distant thought of that sin with which you; even you, have in your hard heart charged me. Look me in the face, Gabriel, and think of all I have been unto you, and if you say that before God, and in your own soul, you believe me guilty, then will I go away out in the dark night, and, long before morning, my troubles will be at an end."

Truth was not only in her fervent and simple words, but in the tone of her voice, the color of her face, and the light of her eyes. Gabriel had long shut up his heart against her. At first he had doubted her virtue, and that doubt gradually weakened his affection. At last, he tried to believe her guilty or forget her altogether, when his heart, turned to Mary Robinson, and he thought of making her his wife. His injustice—his wickedness—his baseness—which he had so long concealed, in some measure, from himself, by a dim feeling of wrong done him, and afterwards by the pleasure of new love, now appeared to him as they were, and without disguise. Mary took Sarah's hand and placed it within that of her contrite lover, for had the tumult of conflicting passions allowed him to know his own soul, such at that moment he surely was; saying with a voice as composed as the eyes with which she looked upon them, "I restore you to each other; and I already feel the comfort of being able to do my duty. I will be bride's-maid. And I now implore the blessing of God upon your marriage. Gabriel, your betrothed will this night sleep in my bosom. We will think of you better perhaps, than you deserve. It is not for me to tell you what you have to repent of. Let us all three pray for each other this night, and evermore when we are on our knees before our Maker. The old people will soon be at home. Good night, Gabriel." He kissed Sarah—and giving Mary a look of shame, humility, and reverence, he went home to meditation and repentance.

It was now Midsummer; and before the harvest had been gathered in throughout the higher valleys or the sheep brought from the mountain fold, Gabriel and Sarah were man and wife. Time past on, and a blooming family cheered their board and fireside. Nor did Mary Robinson, the Flower of the Forest, (for so the woodcutters' daughter was often called,) pass her life in single blessedness.—She, too, became a wife and mother; and the two families, who lived at last on adjacent farms, were remarkable for mutual affection throughout all the parish; and more than one intermarriage took place between them, at a time when the worthy parents had almost entirely forgotten the trying incident of their youth.

Breach of Marriage Contract.—An action for breach of promise of marriage was tried at Danville, Vermont, on the 11th inst. and after a trial which lasted twelve hours, in which the inhabitants of the village appear to have taken a deep interest, the jury gave a verdict for the fair plaintiff of \$325 dollars damages, and costs, which was considered the full amount of the defendant's property.

Floating Bookstore.—A new boat, named, The Encyclopedia, of Albany, is now afloat on the Canal, which it is designed to navigate, containing a Bookstore and Lottery Office. The National Democrat says, "it will move up and down the canal, bearing the riches of science, as well as the gifts of fortune, to their respective favorites."

A person under the influence and temper of the gospel, will say with gratitude and joy, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am wherewith to be content." In the most trying circumstances, I have a sure and certain promise, that my bread shall be given, and my water shall be sure; and if I am not favored with all the elegances of life, yet I am confident that the God whom I serve, will afford me such temporary supplies as shall be most conducive to my own happiness and His glory.

The new novel from the pen of the author of Waverley is styled the "Red Gauntlet; a Tale of the Eighteenth Century."

The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands had arrived in London.

General Cerveraux, Ambassador from Columbia to the Courts of Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, had arrived in England, from Philadelphia.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

PARIS...THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1834.

By the politeness of a friend, we had put in to our hands a copy of an Address, delivered in May last, at Philadelphia, before the New England Society, by HENRY BOND, M. D. As it contains sentiments, which we believe are correct, and some perhaps which are new, we shall give pretty copious extracts from it, having no doubt but, by so doing, we shall oblige many of our readers. After commencing his address with a few introductory remarks, he asks,

"Why do we feel a stronger throb or a warmer glow in our bosoms at the enunciation of the name of New England? Can we assign no better reason than that filial reverence and attachment, which often blind a one to a parent's imperfections; or that instinctive feeling, which binds men to whatever may have been the place of their nativity or the scenes of their childhood? Is it because the Creator has adorned it with so many scenes of beauty and sublimity, to which the ingenuity of man has added so many of the conveniences and so much of the elegance of civilized life? These circumstances alone would give her no preeminence over much of the civilized world. She might even possess such advantages, but yet connected with circumstances of a character, that would make us ashamed to own we were her sons. But there are reasons why we may both love her and boast of her, were her climate as inclement as Labrador, and her scenery as dreary as the plains of Africa. It is of those men, who have been styled the fathers of New England, and whom we claim as our ancestors, that we may boast; and that man, who can read their history, and not feel an emotion of pride and delight, that he is their descendant, must be base and degenerate. He, who would blush to own as his ancestors those apostles of liberty without licentiousness, and religion without priestcraft, would be ashamed to claim Cato or Aristides for a father, or the Apostles for brethren. The veneration, the respect and pride, which those men ought to inspire in us, are not founded on wealth or hereditary titles, but upon their principles, their habits, and the institutions, which they established and transmitted to their posterity."

Is there a heart that does not concur in the sentiments here expressed? and do we not feel a conscious pride in claiming for our progenitors those men who purchased our freedom at the expense of their blood?

"But what chiefly distinguishes the land of the pilgrims is her elementary schools, scattered through every valley and upon every mountain. Who has ever known a child there so poor, or in a situation so secluded, that instruction might not be obtained within a distance, that would hardly fatigue a child from the cradle? Go to the tops of the Green Mountains, or into the valleys among the White Hills; go into the remotest settlements in the forests of Maine, or among the poor fishermen, who have perched their habitations on the barren rocks and islands on her sea-coast, and where will you find the child, that can not point to what he will call our district school-house? The system, which gives education such a universal diffusion, greatly distinguishes New England from the rest of the world. For except where her sons have gone and propagated the principles, upon which it is founded, it is almost unknown even in the United States. In these schools the wealthy and indigent are placed upon equality; and the only things in them which will give distinction, are moral excellence and intellectual power and cultivation. To these may be traced that spirit of enterprise, which has so long characterized the sons of the pilgrims. Those institutions and that intelligence and enterprise have not sprung up suddenly under the magic influence of some Alfred or Augustus, who could command the whole resources of the nation. They originated in the genius or good sense of those men who founded New England, and from whom is derived that spirit, which has nurtured those plants of freedom and intelligence into their present luxuriant growth."

These principles are certainly correct, and must be acknowledged by all who are in the least acquainted with New England; for in no part of the world are the means of acquiring the first rudiments of an education placed within the reach of all, as with us; and it ought to be considered as an invaluable privilege, which we enjoy, of having such a general diffusion of knowledge amongst us. After a little comment, Mr. Bond passes on to inquire, "where did the revolution commence?" Here Mr. B. claims it as properly belonging to New England. He says,

"An attempt has recently been made by an eloquent and fascinating writer to convince the world, that American independence originated in the 'ancient dominion,'—that Patrick Henry 'gave the first impulse to the ball of the revolution,'—that a fire was kindled by him in Virginia, which spread until it extended over the whole colonies. Perhaps it will appear in the sequel, that these high pretensions are both unsubstantial and unjust."

"It must have been evident to every man of political foresight, who watched the rapid advances of the British North American colonies in every thing which fitted them to become an independent nation, and who especially observed the hardihood, the enterprise, and bold republicanism of New England, that they were not destined to be forever the colonies of Great Britain. It was impossible to effect such a revolution unless the people had been prepared for it; for the colonies were not to dissolve their allegiance to the mother country as easily as the ripe fruit drops from its branch. It was to be accomplished by an effort of every noble power with which God has endowed human nature. It is not difficult for a leader, possessing eloquence and popularity, to induce his followers to embark in a revolution; but unless they be sufficiently intelligent to comprehend, and sufficiently interested to feel, the importance of the cause in which they engage; if it be one upon which they have never reflected, nor even cast their eyes, until it was presented to them by their leader for immediate espousal, their enterprise will prove to be only a gust of popular phrensy, and probably terminate in their shame and degradation."

"New England had been, from its first settlement, preparing for the revolution, and the character of the settlers and all their policy and institutions pointed to such an event."

"About 1773 a contest arose between the House of Representatives of Massachusetts and the Governor respecting his salary. He had instructions from the crown to require a salary to be permanently fixed for the Governor of the colony. The House took the ground, that a compliance with the requisition would render that officer independent of the Legislature."

The people maintained the contest on this question for ten years, in opposition to three Governors in succession. Notwithstanding every means was taken to subdue the people—sometimes by changing the seat of the Legislature, at others by stopping the pay of the members; sometimes by dissolving that body hastily, in order to make way for a new election, at others by refusing to dissolve or prorogue it, when there was no business to occupy it—they persevered and triumphed. They did not contend a moment about the amount of the salary, but concerning the principle, whether they should, by complying with this requisition, render a royal Governor independent. Judge Marshall says, this contest 'shows in genuine colours the character of the people engaged in it.'—It is," says he, "an early and honorable display of the same persevering temper in the defence of principles believed to be right, of the same unconquerable spirit of liberty, which at a later day, on a more important occasion, tore the then British colonies on this continent from a country, to which until then they had been strongly attached."

"These circumstances show that New England, from her very inception, contained the elements of freedom and independence, and was prepared to assert them, as soon as she should acquire strength to maintain them. England very early, even ages before the days of Patrick Henry, manifested a jealousy of her independent spirit, and was ever suspicious of the least indication of a wavering allegiance."

Virginia, for whom Mr. Wirt claims the honor of having originated the revolution, was, until that period, in almost every respect the reverse of New England. She was planted and supported by the Virginia Company, and in her infancy was governed in a very arbitrary manner. The whole legislative and executive powers were vested in a governor and council appointed by the crown, who were empowered, without the intervention of the Representatives of the people, to make laws and execute them—to levy taxes and enforce the payment of them—to transport colonists to England, to be tried and punished there for crimes committed in Virginia. Added to all this, the crown exacted the monopoly of their staple article, tobacco. This system the Virginians endured without resistance for many years, until governor Harvey was sent over, who conducted in so tyrannical a manner, that oppression at length aroused them. But even then it does not appear that they found fault with the principles or arbitrary form of their government, but with its bad administration."

"The voice of New England was, 'Let us govern ourselves, while we remain faithful in our allegiance to the crown, and contravene neither the laws nor constitution of England. We ask no protection, state the sum you demand, and you shall have it, but we will raise it in our own way. We will not be taxed contrary to the constitution of England.'"

"The assembly of Virginia not only disavowed a petition sent in their name, praying for the restoration of their ancient patents, and corporate government, but sent an address to the king, expressing their high sense of his bounty and favor towards them, and earnestly desiring to continue under his immediate protection; that is, to be governed by crown officers."

"But Mr. Wirt says, as I have before noticed, that the resolutions, which Mr. Henry introduced into the house of burgesses of Virginia immediately after the passage of the Stamp Act, and the speech which he made on that occasion, kindled the spirit of resistance, which spread throughout the colonies—that with his match he communicated the first spark to the train of American courage. Mr. Henry may have communicated, then for the first time, such a spirit to Virginia; and it may have required 'the greatest orator that ever lived' to kindle such a flame there; but it was a fire, which had been burning unintermittedly in New England for more than a century. So far back as 1680, the General Court of Massachusetts passed resolutions, in which they asserted the right to exercise all power both legislative and executive, provided they did not contravene the laws and constitution of England. Again in 1692, Massachusetts explicitly denied the right of Parliament to tax the colonies without their consent."

"By recurring to Mr. Wirt's book, where he attributes such a wonderful efficiency to those resolutions and that speech, it will be seen, that Virginia was at that time governed by a body of aristocrats, many of them descended from the cavaliers of Charles I. and II. devoted to the interest of the crown, and inheriting the arbitrary principles of their ancestors. The resolutions, which did pass the house of burgesses, were thought by Mr. Henry to be too timid and suppliant. The additional resolutions, introduced by him, were a part of them rejected; and those, which were adopted, passed by a majority of only one, notwithstanding they were supported by such superhuman eloquence as that gentleman is represented to have possessed; and the very next day the house ordered the resolutions to be expunged from their records, and they would have forever remained in the tomb of the Capulets, had not their author taken better care of them, than he or his contemporaries have done of his eloquent speeches. The best evidences of his eloquence on this occasion are unappreciated, as he failed to carry his audience into his measures; and as his speeches were not preserved by his contemporaries to be worthy of preservation. And yet, marvellous to tell! his posthumous biography, so intent upon glorifying every thing pertaining to the 'Ancient dominion,' assures us seriously, that this affair, which contains more for shame than for boasting of the independent revolutionary spirit of Virginia, gave the first impulse to the ball of the American revolution! All this credit of having originated the revolution, appears to be claimed upon the fortuitous circumstance, that the assembly of Virginia being in session at the time the intelligence of the passage of the Stamp Act was received, gave her a little priority in the time of publishing her resolutions. But what was there in these resolutions for which the New Englanders had not been contending for a century?"

"As soon as it was known that such an act was in contemplation, Massachusetts employed an agent in London, who was directed to use his utmost endeavors to prevent the passage of the stamp act, or any other, levying taxes or imposing on the American province. A historian of that period says, 'that in 1764, and before the passage of the Virginia resolutions, New Englanders, who retained the inflexibility of ed of force to strike at the root and deny the principle without any compromise.' At the same time that she opened a correspondence with the other colonies, requesting a concurrence in her opposition. If the instead of that State, summon the first continental general Gage with his fleet and army to Virginia, and did not the ministry and parliament, or any other, times condescend to notice Virginia, if she were the leader of the rebels? Why were they directing the thunders of their eloquence and of their cannon all the revolution were first lighted by Patrick Henry, why was not he excepted in the garden offered to the sentence from an English historian is a decisive answer to all those queries. 'The New Englanders,

says he, 'were the first to take hostile steps, as they had been in all other measures of opposition, against Great Britain.'"

We cannot tell how our friends in Virginia will relish this, and especially Mr. Wirt; but this we know, that the position of Mr. Bond is capable of being defended, and that too from the most authentic sources."

"We are requested to state, that the Rev. FAYETTE MACE will preach in the Universalist Meeting-House, at Norway Village, on Sunday next."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"We are much obliged to 'Censor' for his free-will offering; and assure him that all his favors will be duly appreciated."

"Vindicator" has our thanks; and, we have doubt, the thanks of our readers."

"The communication, giving an account of the celebration of independence, at Dixfield and the neighboring towns, was received too late for this day's paper. It shall appear next week."

COMMUNICATIONS.

FEAR OF DEATH.

We seldom find ourselves so situated but that the thoughts of death are most unwelcome. In ordinary conditions, the mind clings to life and its images, and shrinks from the thoughts of death—a subject embracing so many painful and terrible emotions, and seeks, among the multitude of living objects, to forget that its frail tenement must, one day, mingle with the dust. Yet these bitter thoughts will intrude, and, at times, the proudest spirit that is clothed in mortality must quail before them.

"—to die, and go we know not where; To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot: This sensible warm motion to become A lifeless clod;— 'tis too horrible!

The weariness and most loathed worldly life, That, age, ache, penury, and imprisonment Can lay on nature, is a paradise To what we fear of death."

But our feelings on this subject are rarely modified by surrounding circumstances. The martyr at the stake and the soldier in the fury of battle, meet death with composure and even with joy. But when it faces us in the retirement of domestic life, when our bark is floating prosperously upon the stream of life, and the pulse beats high in the anticipation of future enjoyments; then to see death striking secretly but steadily at the foundations of life, and entering, step by step, into the very citadel of health, Oh! it is then that the fearful thoughts of dying come thronging upon the mind, and overwhelm it in the wilderness of its own imaginings. But the contemplation of death is not always the most distressing in considering its operations upon our own persons. In the separation of friends, and the severance of ties strongly cemented, it exhibits its kingly attributes, in a manner more terrifying than when it menaces ourselves.—There are numerous instances, and one, I well recollect, in which its operation, in that respect, was fatal.

A young lady of Paris, in France, of singular beauty and endowments, was affianced in marriage to a young gentleman of equal respectability. Their affections for each other were ardent and sincere, and had been strongly cemented by a reciprocal interchange of feeling and opinion, in the acquaintance of a number of years. At length, the time was appointed when they were to redeem the plighted troth, and bind fast their affections in the strong bonds of the law. An unforeseen event occurs, and the young gentleman is necessarily absent a short time, expecting however to return in due season for the solemnity. Love added wings to his speed, and he returned sooner than was expected; and, although late in the evening, hurried immediately to the mansion of his mistress. He soon found himself at the door of her apartment, and his pulse quickened its vibrations as he saw a stream of light passing through an aperture in the lock. Opening the door suddenly, he sprang into the room, calculating to do away her chiding at the abruptness of his entrance, by the warmth of his caresses and the sincerity of his love. And he found, Oh God! he found her fast locked in the arms of death.—Cadaverous and ghastly, the maiden lay extended in her grave's clothes and surrounded with all the habiliments of woe. A domestic or two, busy in arranging the funeral furniture of the apartment, started at his entrance, but instantly resumed, with noiseless effort, their sad vocation. The unfortunate youth, perfectly astounded, and mistaking his senses, sent his glances eagerly round the apartment, as if to find some redeeming object from the utter desolation that was spread before him; but he saw nothing save the breathless form of her he had loved best. Perhaps it was a girlish trick, put upon him, to essay the strength of his feelings? He rushed eagerly to the corpse, shook it rudely upon the bier and piteously besought it to arise. He passed his hand over the forehead sweeping aside the thick tresses that clustered upon it, and sought for some demonstration of life. He gazed wistfully upon her sleeping features, as if to seek some token of recognition of his presence, some reciprocity of his smiles. But the icy fingers of death had been there, desolating the fair lineaments of nature and expression—a thick breathing came over him and the perspiration rolled from his forehead in the bitterness of his feeling—again and again did he look upon the corpse and lift his lips to its sepulchral and faded cheek; but alas! it was no dream, no trick, and the awful reality soon stood before him in all its appalling circumstances, and sunk upon his soul like the pressure of iron. Heart-broken and abandoned, he left the apartment, and soon ended his days in the walls of a convent.

QUARLES.

OXFORD CONVENTION.

At a Meeting of Delegates from the several towns composing the Oxford Electoral District, at the Court-House, in Paris, on the 8th day of June, A. D. 1834, for the purpose of nominating a gentleman to their constituents for the office of Elector of President and Vice-President of the United States for the ensuing election, LEVI HUBBARD, Chairman, and SAMUEL F. BROWN, Secretary:

Resolved, To make such nomination by a choice by ballot, which being done, it resulted in the election of the

Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, of Paris, by a large majority.

The Convention then resolved that the

Hon. THOMAS FILLEBROWN, of Winthrop, and the

Hon. JAMES CAMPBELL,

of Harrington, be recommended to the citizens of this district as candidates for Electors of President and Vice-President to be chosen at large.

The Convention then proceeded to the nomination of a gentleman as candidate for Representative to Congress by balloting, which was found unanimous for the

Hon. ENOCH LINCOLN,

of Paris. The Delegates present from the Oxford Senatorial District being arranged under the same officers, proceeded by ballot to a nomination of candidates for the office of Senators for the Legislature of this State for the ensuing year, when the

Hon. CORNELIUS HOLLAND, of Canton, and the

Hon. JAMES W. RIPLEY, of Fryeburg, were elected.

The Convention then unanimously resolved that ALBION K. BARRIS be recommended to the voters of this district as a candidate for Governor of this State at the next election.

Resolved, That the several publishers of newspapers in the towns of Portland, Hallowell and Paris, be requested to publish the doings of this Convention in their several papers.

LEVI HUBBARD, Chairman. SAMUEL F. BROWN, Secretary.

MARRIED.

In Bridport, on Thursday, the 1st inst. by Rev. John A. Douglass, Mr. DANIEL CHARLES, of Waterford, to Miss FANNIE DAVENPORT, of the former place. In Livermore, Capt. William Chenery, Jr. to Miss Charlotte Philbrick. In Gray, Mr. William Thayer, to Miss Frances Nash. In Franklin, Sherman Converse, Esq. Editor of the "Connecticut Journal," New Haven, to Miss Eliza Bruen, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Nott.

DIED.

In Canton, Mrs. SALLY, wife of Gideon Ellis, Esq., aged 52. In Waterford, on the 3d inst. Mrs. REBECCA DUNLAP, aged 92. She had been totally blind with cataracts, for eleven years, but was restored to her sight by an operation about 5 months before her death. In Boston, after an hours illness, Hon. Abraham Lincoln, of Worcester, aged 63; a member of the Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. His remains were carried to Worcester soon after his death. In Portland, of consumption, Mrs. ELIZA, wife of Mr. Royal Williams. "Virtue is bold; and goodness never fearful."

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

From the Concord, N. H. Literary Gazette. GEN. MONTGOMERY.

Richard Montgomery, a major-general in the army of the United States, was born in the north of Ireland in the year 1737. He possessed an excellent genius, which was matured by a fine education. Entering the army of Great Britain, he successively fought her battles with Wolfe at Quebec, in 1759, and on the very spot, where he was doomed to fall, when fighting against her under the banners of freedom. After his return to England, he quitted his regiment in 1772, though in a fair way to preferment. He had imbibed an attachment to America, viewing it as the rising seat of arts and freedom. After his arrival in this country, he purchased an estate in New-York, about a hundred miles from the city, and married a daughter of Judge Livingston. He now considered himself as an American. When the struggle with Great-Britain commenced, as he was known to have an ardent attachment to liberty, and had expressed his readiness to draw his sword on the side of the colonies, the command of the continental forces in the northern department was entrusted to him and Gen. Schuyler in the fall of 1775. By the indisposition of Schuyler, the chief command devolved upon him in October. He re-dug Fort Chamblee, and on the third of November captured St. Johns. On the 12th he took Montreal. In December he joined Col. Arnold, and marched to Quebec. The city was besieged, and on the last day of the year it was determined to make an assault. The several divisions were accordingly put in motion in the midst of a heavy fall of snow, which concealed them from the enemy. Montgomery, advanced at the head of the New-York troops, along the St. Lawrence, and having assisted with his own hands in pulling up the pickets, which obstructed his approach to one of the barriers, that he was determined to force, he was pushing forwards, when one of the guns of the battery was discharged, and he was killed with his two aids. This was the only gun that was fired, for the enemy had been struck with consternation, and all but one of two had fled. But this event probably prevented the capture of Quebec. When he fell, Montgomery was in a narrow passage, and his body rolled upon the ice, which formed by the side of the river. After it was found the next morning among the slain, it was buried by a few soldiers, without any marks of distinction. He was thirty-eight years of age. He was a man of great military talents, whose measures were taken with judgment and executed with vigor. With undisciplined troops, who were jealous of



concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, a bonis non, on the estate of LUTHER PRATT, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, Yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to the Commissioners. THOMAS CLARK.

Paris, June 8, 1824.

THE OLIO.

DIVINE IMPRESS.

ere's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But Heaven has placed it there!

At early dawn there's not a gale,
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
That is not sent by Heaven!

There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest meen,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed:
And heavenly wisdom seen!

There's not a tempest dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps o'er ocean's bed,
But Heaven's own voice is there!

There's not a star whose twinkling light,
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth!

There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God!

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is every where!

Around, beneath, above,
Wherever space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends!

Then rise my soul, and sing His name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And built the universe!

Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
His power and love declare,
Nor think the mighty theme too vast—
For God is every where! Eng. Paper.

LOVE IN A MIST.

So teasing is the girl I love,
So cruel-kind I find her,
I would to Heaven she would prove
Or crueler or kinder.

Her lips forbid my hopes to rise;
But whilst she thus declares,
A wicked something in her eyes
Prevents me from despairing.

Her eyes say yes, her lips say no;
And so in doubt they steep me;
I wish that she would let me go,
Or pay the price to keep me.

To her is such attraction given,
In soothing or in scolding,
She has hung me up 'twixt hell or heaven,
Just like Mahomet's coffin.

'Tis my belief, when women use
Us in this sort of fashion,
They hate the man, but would not lose
The lover or the passion.

Happily with neither love nor hate
Or any passion breathing,
As anglers gravely hook their bait,
In spite of all its wailing 'ng.

So it may be her thoughtless wish,
Regardless of my fate,
Hook me, to catch some other fish,
Whom I may serve as bait to.

I fain would get the length of her foot,
But if I were not born to't,
It does not my free spirit suit,
To be the shoeing-horn to't.

WIT AT A PINCH.

A country girl one morning went
To market with her pig;
The little curl-tail, not content,
Squeaked out a merry jig.

A gentleman, on passing by,
Laughed much, and jeering spoke,
"I wonder, Miss, your child will cry,
When wrapt up in your cloak."

"Why, sir, (quite pert the girl replies)
So but a breeding had he,
That ever and anon he cries,
When'er he sees his dady."

DOMESTICAL.

METHOD OF MAKING CLOTH.

To make good cloth, farmers should be more attentive to their sheep, and not sell their best lambs. Sheep should never be yarded with cattle; they should be kept in good flesh, that the wool may be lively; and fed in a rack so constructed that the seed and chaff cannot fall from the hay into the wool, for these essentially injure it. After sheep are washed they should not be shorn in less than six days, that the animal oil may have time to penetrate the pores of the wool; this oil preserves the wool alive, and keeps it pliable. In this country, suitable attention has not been paid to the sorting of wool. In European manufactories, the fleece is divided into three or four sorts. If you put fine and coarse in the same piece, the cloth cannot be dressed handsome, nor do half the service it would otherwise do. All coarse ends should be cut off; if they are spun and woven into cloth, no color can be impressed on it; fine and coarse wool will not equally receive any color. After wool is sorted, it should be carefully pulled apart and all the nubs taken out. Let one person spin the wool that the yarn may be equally wrought; the spinning should be cross banded. Let the wool be kept clean from dirt or lint while spinning, and cleanse the yarn before it is woven; avoid old harness in weaving, for their lint, &c. essentially injure the cloth. Be careful to beat equally, for if one part of the sink be beat closer than the other, the cloth will be cockled; to avoid this, it would be well also to weave each skein by itself; make a good selvage, and trim as you weave. If all knots are not cut off with the shears before the cloth is folded, they are picked out with tweezers by the clothiers, leaving holes in the cloth, which injure it.

When cloth is made in conformity to these directions, there is no danger of its working bad in the mill; it will not cockle, but be dressed neatly. If a number of hands be employed in spinning a piece, you may expect the cloth will cockle in the mill, and such can never be dressed to look decently. Some people who proceed in this manner, complain of the clothier, because their cloth does not answer their expectation. If wool be not properly sorted, spun and woven, it is impossible for any clothier to dress it even decently.

People would do well to make their cloth earlier in the season than usual. September and October are the months for dressing cloth. It is much better to be dressed in warm weather than in cold.

TURNIPS.

To prevent flies from destroying turnips, always choose a piece of poor land for your turnip patch, plough and harrow it until you get it very fine, then manure it well with ashes or well rotted stable manure—sow your turnip seed with Indian meal, that you may see whether you sow it too thick or too thin; then harrow in the seed with an iron tooth harrow; be not afraid of putting them in too deep—if you bush them in they are scarcely covered, they are up before the root has taken hold, and lying on the surface of the ground, they nearly all perish the first dry spell that follows after their coming up, and you will find it very convenient, without further inquiry to cry out—Oh! the detestable fly has eaten up all my turnips. But choose poor land, make it fine and rich, and cover your seed deep, and the fly will fly away to your neighbors. The advice here given rests on the authority and practice of an experienced cultivator on the Keisterstown road, who has not missed a crop of turnips for thirty years. For the common turnips sow between the 20th and the last day of July. If you want them sweet, a week or ten days later will make them so. Am. Farmer.

To preserve hams or other smoked meat through the summer.—Wrap up the meat in tow, of either flax or hemp, after soaking out the loose shives, and pack it in a tierce or barrel, taking care that there be next the tierce and between every piece of meat, a thick layer of tow packed in as close as possible; then set it away in a dry cellar or upper room. 'Tis enough that the barrel or tierce be sufficient to keep the mice out, as no fly or insect will enter the tow.

Tow and flax are such bad conductors of heat, that a piece of ice will be preserved a long time, wrapped up in tow. Cut straw also answers extremely well to keep hams in. Ashes are apt to communicate a bad taste to the meat. Care should be taken to prevent the flies from having access to the meat before being packed away. Archives of useful Knowledge.

THE FARMER.

Hay.—The best period for cutting clover and herbage, is when they are in full bloom. This will be found to improve the quality of the hay more than is ordinarily supposed. Other grass that grows short and dense at the bottom, especially on cold and moist lands, and also on lands you do not intend to plough, should not be cut so early. Not only will the crop of hay be materially lessened, but the land will receive no inconsiderable detriment from such early mowing.

The practice of salting Cattle in the winter is extremely injurious and should be abandoned. To prevent the necessity of this, by far the best method is to put the salt upon the hay when it is put into the mow. If this is done, your cattle will require no salt in its crude state during the whole winter, nor will they take it if offered to them. Another inducement to the practice of salting hay in the mow, is the unavoidable waste of salt and labor which accompanies the old method of using it in the water in its crude state. It also prevents the danger of the hay's suffering injury from heat, and by improving its quality, will occasion much less waste in the expenditure of it during the winter. This practice of seasoning the hay, will conduce much to the health and thrift of the stock. For the use of salt in the winter is accompanied sometimes with costiveness, and at others it produces opposite effects and invariably renders the cattle more susceptible of the cold. And it not unfrequently results in the loss of flesh, and disease. 'Tis profuse an use of salt upon hay would no doubt prove detrimental. About six quarts to the ton is the requisite quantity. Having for a series of years, pursued the practice of salting my hay in the mow, I consider it superior to any other method of using salt, by, at least, two hundred per cent.—Fermont Repub.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The Influence of Christianity.—Let us conceive it possible for a moment that the beautiful perfections of scripture were all realized; that the trees of the forest clapped their hands unto God, and that the fies were glad at his side, and valleys, covered over with corn, sent forth their notes of rejoicing; that the sun and the moon praised him, and the stars of voice of glory to God was heard from every mountain and from every waterfall; and that all of a pervading and presiding Deity, burst into one loud and universal song of gratulation. Would not a strain of greater loftiness be heard to ascend from those regions where the all-wise King God had left the traces of his own immensity, than from the tamer and the humbler scenery of an ordinary landscape? Would not you look for a gladder acclamation from the fertile fields, than from the arid waste where no character of grandeur made amends for the barrenness that was around you? Would not the goodly tree, compassed about with the glories of its summer foliage, lift up an anthem of louder gratitude than the lowly shrub that groweth beneath it? Would not the flower, from whose leaves every hue of loveliness was reflected, send forth a sweeter rapture than the eye of an admiring passenger? And in a word, wherever you saw the towering evidences of nature,

or the garniture of her more rich and beautiful ornaments, would it not be there that you looked for the tenderest and most exquisite of its melodies?

Conceive, that a quickening and realizing sense of the Deity pervaded all the men of our species—and that each knew how to refer his own endowments, with an adequate expression of gratitude, to the unseen author of them; from whom, we ask, of all these various individuals, would you look for the hallelujahs of devout ecstasy? Would it not be from him whom God had arrayed in the splendor of nature's brightest accomplishments? Would it not be from him, with whose constitutional feelings the movements of honor and benevolence were in the fullest harmony?—Would it not be from him whom his Maker had cast into the happiest mould, and attempted into the sweetest union of all that was kind, and generous, and lovely, and enabled by the loftiest emotions, and raised above all his fellows into the finest spectacle of all that was graceful and all that was manly? Surely, if the possession of these moralities be just another theme of acknowledgment to the Lord of the spirits of all flesh, then, if the acknowledgment be withheld, and these moralities have taken up their residence in the bosom of him who is utterly devoid of piety, they go to aggravate the reproach of his ingratitude? and to prove, that of the man upon the earth who are far from God, he stands at the widest distance, he remains proof against the weightiest claims, and he of the dead in trespasses and sins, is the most profoundly asleep to the call of religion, and to the supremacy of its righteous obligation.

"And worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff." [Epistle to the Hebrews.]

It is a beautiful trait in the religion of the Bible, that as it is founded upon the truth, it is supported by simplicity, and is altogether independent of human grandeur, altogether at variance with the dictates of human pride.—In the history of the Patriarchs, we are presented with a picture of pure and undetected religion, in its effects upon a people, who, as yet, knew little of the refinements of society, at once striking, impressive, and deeply interesting. Whether we consider Abraham as calling with confidence on the Most High in a strange land; or Isaac walking abroad to meditate at eventide; or Jacob when, in the language of the Apostle, he worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff; we are equally impressed with the beauty of that religion, which is thus seen to flourish, not amongst the most polishing, but the most simple;—not the most powerful, but the most faithful of mankind. Thus are we taught to believe, that however pomp and splendor may seem to add to the effect of religion, or however imposing the coloring which they throw around it, yet as its object is to unite man with his Creator, it cannot be assisted by human power, it needs not the aid of adventitious circumstances. It is not amidst the crowd of assembled multitudes, nor in "temples made with hands," that its effects are only to be felt. He who pauses amid the labors of the day, or contemplates the beauties of nature at early dawn, or goeth into the fields to meditate at eventide, or with Jacob, worships, leaning upon the top of his staff—may doubtless feel with its full force, the influence of the spirit of devotion. It was thus, that the holy men of old were taught to trust in that Being, whose attributes are displayed in all his works; it is thus that pious men, in every age have learned to bow in deep humility, and with solemn reverence, before Him, "who hath created the Heavens, and the work of whose fingers the stars are;" and it is thus that in our minds may be inculcated lessons of piety, and of un-murmuring obedience, that we may be taught to look upon the evils of this life, as necessary preparatives to eternity, and every event as subservient to the holy purposes of a Being, whose mercy endureth forever.

"We may thus in youth be preserved amid temptation; and in old age be enabled to look back with peace on our past lives; and with pious and grateful devotion, worship like the patriarch, "leaning upon the top of his staff."

A very respectable writer in the London Retrospective Review, speaking of the African slave-trade, relates the following circumstance. "It was once the lot of the writer of this article to be on board a small vessel, containing nearly one hundred slaves: the whole, with the exception of five or six men, were male and female children, from four to thirteen years of age. They were confined to a small space, with scarcely sufficient room to sit upright; many of them laboring under disease, and their flesh (or rather skin, for flesh they had but little) rubbed into wounds, with the motion of the vessel, and by lying close together on the bare deck. The men, observing the constant imbrication of the crew, planned to take the schooner from them; but they were too emaciated and weak, by confinement and hunger, to attempt it hastily. In a short time, they were observed to be considerably altered in their appearance, and to look much better. One night, when all the crew, but the man at the helm, were asleep, these desperate negroes, rushed on deck. The sailors and captain were aroused; a scuffle of some minutes ensued, in which both parties were severely wounded, and ultimately the slaves were overcome.—The following morning, the captain deliberately loaded his pistols, placed three of the poor wretches in succession outside of the gangway, and in the presence of the others, shot them with his own hand. On inquiring, it was discovered, that these little half-famished children had daily supplied the men with some portion of their own scanty provision, to strengthen them for the enterprise.

ANECDOTES.

YOU OLD FOOL YOU.

Mr D— of U, was praying one morning with the greatest fervor, and happened to stand facing a window, which looked towards his cabbage yard. In the time of his devotion, at that very juncture when the effusions of his pious heart were poured forth in the most scrupulous strains, the pious man, to his exquisite vexation, saw a huge flock of half-starved cattle burst into the enclosure, and with satanic avidity devour his cabbages. He immediately left his spiritual to take care of his temporal interest; and having secured the latter, returned to prosecute the former. But having in his great perturbation forgotten where he had left off in his prayer—said, "Wife, wife, where was I last?" (Said she) "Why, in the cabbage yard, you old fool you."

THE DUELIST SUBDUED BY A YANKEE.

A Scotch major, who had been so successful with his sword as to fight several duels with repeated success, but who, on account of his extreme desire for quelling when a little intoxicated, and for his boasted courage, was deserted and despised by his brother officers, came one evening into a large company. There happened to be present a yankee, an officer in the same regiment. This yankee rested, among other things, the failure of a certain expedition, in which he had the misfortune of getting wounded.—"That was because you were a rascally set of cowards," observed the Major. "You are a damned liar," says the yankee. The company started. The Scotchman looked down upon him with much contempt as Goliah did upon David, and immediately asked, "Are you a man to meet me?" "Yes," replied the yankee, "at any time and where you please, only with this provision, that we meet without seconds." "Well," "Agreed."—The company present endeavored to dissuade the yankee, telling him the Major had every advantage where he had none, and he had better repent his rashness; but he would have come to the next morning the yankee repaired to the place somewhat before the appointed hour, armed with a large musket; shortly after the major made his appearance, with his brace of pistols, and his sword. Before he advanced far, the yankee, in an austere tone, bade him stop, or he would blow him to atoms; upon which the major, struck with astonishment at this unexpected stratagem, reluctantly obeyed, but expostulated with him on the injustice of such ungentleman-like proceedings; the yankee was implacable, and determined to punish him for his conduct, and the abuse he himself had received. "Lay down your sword and pistols," said he, still presenting his musket, "and to the right about face—march!" The poor major was under the necessity of obeying, and uttering a volley of curses against his stars, passively submitted. The yankee then quietly took possession of his arms. "Is base," "Is cowardly thus to disarm me of all defence," says the major.—"No," replied his fellow combatant, "I will deal honorably with you, there take my musket (throwing it towards him) and defend your life." He, quite incensed, seized the weapon with a mixture of exultation, and precipitate vengeance, and rushing forward, demanded his arms or he would shoot him on the spot. "Shoot away," says the yankee. Provoked at such unparalleled insolence, in a fit of phrensy he drew the trigger! But alas! the musket had not been charged! The glory of our braggadoos was so sullied, and his feelings so mortally wounded by this indignity, that he sold his commission and left the place.

AN OBJECTION.

During the late war between Great Britain and America, when draughts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a particular Capt. gave liberty to the men who were draughted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service. Accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came up to the Captain, and made his bow. "What is your objection?" said the Capt. "I ca-a-n-not go, answers the man, because I st-st-stutter." "Stutter," says the Capt.—"You don't go there to tattle, but to fight." "Ay, but they will p-p-p-ut me on g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say who goes there?" "Oh? that is no objection, for they will place some other sentry with you, and he will challenge if you can fire." "Well b-b-but I may be taken and run through the ho-bo-body, before I can say qu-a-quarter." This last plea prevailed, and the Capt. out of humanity (laughing very heartily) dismissed him.

Sir Walter Raleigh.—On his return from America, he introduced the use of pipe and tobacco into the polite circles of his acquaintance; and even the Queen herself gave encouragement to it. Some humorous stories respecting it are still remembered. Raleigh laid a wager with the Queen, that he would determine exactly, the weight of smoke that issued from his pipe. This he did by first weighing the tobacco and then the ashes. When the Queen paid the wager, she pleasantly observed, that many labourers had turned their gold into smoke; but that he was the first who had converted smoke into gold.

The Arabian Philosopher.—An Arabian philosopher was once at the court of a certain King, who was as much distinguished for his wisdom, as his despotism. This King, agreeably to his characteristic feature, was desirous of irritating the sage by some of his insults. To this end he positively affirmed that, in the infernal regions, was a mill for the sole purpose of grinding the heads of the learned; and then demanded of the venerable philosopher, if it were not so. He, in his turn, replied with a firmness and dignity worthy the highest eulogium, "Yes! but it is the blood of tyrants, which makes the mill turn."

Curious.—A Spartan lady hearing her son complain that his sword was too short, and that he wanted one a size longer, made him this answer; that no weapon was too short for a man of true courage; for, advancing one step forward would make it long enough to answer his purpose.

The other day an emigrant from New-York, met an old acquaintance in one of our streets.—"Hallo!" said his friend, what under the sun has induced you to quit New-York?" "Nothing," said the emigrant, "but her old politics—things have got too such a pass there that I can't tell which side I belong to!" Detroit Gaz.

New York.—A consequential fopling was one day displaying before a large company of his acquaintance with the titles of works, which he had merely heard spoken of and never seen. Addressing himself to a young lady, he asked if she had read the work just published, called Homer's translation of the Pope's Iliad?